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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

The New and Younger World

THE world that we must seek is a world in which the creative spirit is alive, in which life is an adventure full of joy and hope, based rather upon the impulse to construct than upon the desire to retain what we possess or to seize what is possessed by others. It must be a world in which affection has free play, in which love is purged of the instinct for domination, in which cruelty and envy have been dispelled by happiness and the unfettered development of all the instincts that build up life and fill it with mental delights. Such a world is possible; it waits only for men to wish to create it.

Meantime, the world in which we exist has other aims. But it will pass away, burned up in the fire of its own hot passions; and from its ashes will spring a new and younger world, full of fresh hope, with the light of morning in its eyes.

—Bertrand Russell

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1919 NUMBER 8

THE MAKING OF MAN.

As the insect from the rock
  Takes the color of its wing;
As the boulder from the shock
  Of the ocean's rhythmic swing
Makes itself a perfect form,
  Learns a calmer front to raise;
As the shell, enamelled warm
  With the prism's mystic rays,
Praises wind and wave that make
  All its chambers fair and strong;
As the mighty poets take
  Grief and pain to build their song:
Even so for every soul,
  Whatso'er its lot may be,—
Building, as the heavens roll,
  Something large and strong and free,—
Things that hurt and things that mar
  Shape the man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin are
  Friendlier than the smiling days.

—*John White Chadwick.*

It is a relief to know that the serious illness of the President is yielding to treatment, and that recovery is anticipated, although still far distant. For what Mr. Wilson is now suffering is the consequence of unremitting labor through the most nerve-racking and soul-trying period in modern history. When one recalls what the President has endured since the autumn of 1914—the responsibilities he has carried, the crises he has faced, the difficulties he has encountered, the decisions he has had to make—one wonders not that the breakdown has come at last, but that it was so long delayed. No one of even his bitterest opponents has ever accused Mr. Wilson of shirking his task. Those who now view the results of his labors with the keenest disappointment, would be among the first to admit that his tragic failure, if such it be, is due to no lack of energy, care, or fidelity in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Wilson has labored early and late, through a period of years without vacation, alone and hence without the solace of the comradeship enjoyed by less isolated men; and the measure of his toil is the seriousness of the calamity which has now fallen upon him. Quite apart from inevitable differences of opinion and severities of judgment, all citizens will wish for the President speedy and sure recovery, and resumption of that leadership in national and international relationships which he has so conspicuously held from the beginning of the Great War.

Documents on the Russian situation are beginning to come to light. Of those recently disclosed, none is more important than the Report of Lincoln Steffens to the Paris Peace Conference, made through Mr. Bullitt, and by him transmitted to the Foreign Relations Commitee of the Senate. In this report, dated April 2nd, Mr. Steffens states that "Russia has reached a state of equilibrium"—that "the destructive phase of the revolution is over" and "constructive work begun"—that "we saw order, and though we inquired for them, we heard of no disorders"—that "the soviet form of government is established" and has the support of the Russian people—that "the Communist party (dubbed 'Bolshevik') is in power in the soviet government . . . and will stay there a long time, (as) all opposition has practically ceased inside of Russia"—that "the organization of life as we know it in America . . . and in the rest of the world, is wrecked and abolished in Russia"; that the new type of social organization is a thorough-going economic democracy devoted to beneficent social ends; that the period of transition was a "tragedy (of) hunger, cold, misery, anguish, disease, death to millions"; but that this is over, a new life begun, a revolution "carried through for once to the logical conclusion." As an unflinching democrat and an honest man, Steffens records much that he does not like. The soviet, he says, "is full of faults and difficulties; clumsy, and in its final development not democratic. The present Russian government is the most autocratic I have ever seen. Lenine . . . is farther removed from the people than the Tsar was." But as a true humanitarian, Steffens caught through the clouds the vision, and saw the great hope for which the Russians were paying so great a price, both for themselves and for the world. This was the document submitted to Paris, along with similar reports by Mr. Bullitt and Captain W. W. Pettit. And it was in the face of such statements that the policy of intervention, through aid and comfort to the Tsarist Kolchak and the Cossack Denikine, was deliberately decided upon by the Paris Conference! Many black pages of history have been written during the last four years, but none of them all, from Belgium to Brest-Litovsk, is blacker than this of the betrayal of the Russian people by those who should have been the first to understand and succor them. It is a page to make men despair, and even angels weep.

Washington, Chicago, Knoxville, Omaha, Elaine! —mobs, hangings, burnings, shootings!—still the horror of barbaric strife between blacks and whites goes on in this country, and still no action is taken by responsible authorities to grapple with a situation which threatens the very disruption of the nation's life! The President appeals to capital and labor to cease their strife, and wisely summons to Washington an industrial conference to consider and work out the issues of economic disorder; but he is as oblivious to the race-war, as though he had moved the White House to our newly acquired island of Yap. Congress debates prohibition and the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations, but is as silent on the Negro question as the effigies in Statuary Hall. The newspapers rage and imagine vain things on every conceivable subject of human concern, but even in the face of events which make a modern city look like an arena of the cave-men, do nothing more than "deplore" and "view with alarm." Nero fiddling while Rome burned, is a highly commendable figure as compared with men today who are content to twirl their thumbs while a divided nation makes its way to the slaughter-house. Apparently we are convinced that the Negro is still a submissive animal, and that he is quite ready, today as yesterday, to stand anything. This used to be our idea about labor—that we could impose any cruelty and injustice upon the workingman, and he would not complain. We are just now beginning to discover our mistake, and its consequences. And a similar awakening is speedily due in the case of the colored man. The Negro today knows his position and his power. He will no longer run away—no longer bow helplessly and unresistingly beneath the yoke of oppression. He stands at last in the full stature of conscious manhood, ready to do his duty, insistent to receive his rights. With an unchanged temper upon the part of the white man, this means the most terrific crisis that the country has ever faced. It is time, high time, that the best minds of both races were given to the solution of this menacing problem. To ignore it, or attempt to suppress it, is simply madness.

Lord Robert Cecil tells us that what we need most at this monet is "to get rid of the war mind." Well! Well!! Well!!! And here are hundreds of men in prison today for no other reason than that they hate the war mind, and have striven always to get rid of it. There are scores of men, also, in high public office in all countries, for no other reason than that they believe in the war mind, and have cultivated it assiduously. And now we are told that the prisoners are right, and the premiers and cabinet-officers are wrong! Times change, evidently! But for ourselves we must confess that we find it impossible to change at any such distractingly dizzy rate. If it is the war mind which we need to get rid of today, it is the war mind which we have always needed to get rid of. Before the Great War, when it was spinning endless webs of imperialistic entanglement, piling up enormous armaments on land and sea, and stirring up jealousy and suspicion between friendly nations; during the Great War, when it practiced lies and preached hatred against the enemy, spread abroad the pestilence of militaristic hysteria, and enslaved free peoples with censorships, sedition acts, and laws of conscription; immediately after the Great War, when it resurrected the old diplomacy, and dictated the terms of a cruel and immoral peace; at all these times, exactly as today, the war mind was a menace to humanity, and its work the ruination of the race. Get rid of the war mind? By all means! But this is a pretty time to talk about it, when millions are dead of battle, starvation and disease, Europe a wreck from end to end, and civilization tottering on the brink of dissolution. The time to get rid of the war mind, as the time to get rid of pestilence, is before and not after it has done its dreadful business. And this, my dear Lord Robert, was the very time when you were scattering the infection as widely abroad as possible, and punishing terribly all those who believed at the moment of crisis what you now believe too late. You speak tardily! The hour of destiny is past. You have sown your seed—now you must reap the harvest.

The arrival in this country of a party of distinguished Englishmen—Gilbert Cannan, F. W. Pethick Lawrence, Langdon Davies, Holford Knight, and others—to participate in an Anglo-American Conference on civil liberties, is an event of the first importance. "The one thing we have had in common in England and America," said Mr. Davies, on his recent arrival in New York, "is the tradition of liberty, and we must fight to regain what we have lost." That civil liberties have been lost in England, is evident from any study of the operation of the Defence of the Realm Act. In this country the situation, under the Espionage Law, is even worse; "in European courts," writes Bernard Shaw in his recently published volume, "Heartbreak House," "there was vindictive illegality; in American courts there was raving lunacy." On both sides of the ocean, the battle for the restoration of freedom is now on; and the Anglo-American Conference, to be held in New York on October 24th and 25th, is an attempt to martial the liberal forces in both countries, and join them together for co-operative action. Among the sponsors of the movement in England are Jerome K. Jerome, G. Bernard Shaw, John Masefield, Arnold Bennett, Israel Zangwill, Lord Buckmaster; and in this country, Herbert Croly, Walter Lippman, Percy Stickney Grant, Raymond Robins, Roscoe Pound, Felix Frankfurter, and Frederick

C. Howe. On the conclusion of the Conference, the English visitors will be free to deliver addresses before churches, forums, clubs, etc., in various parts of the country. It is to be hoped that lovers of liberty everywhere will welcome these pilgrims from across the sea, and give them opportunity to be heard.

We always admire a brave man. Therefore is our hat off to the Right Rev. J. B. Cheshire, Bishop of North Carolina, who had the consummate courage to propose the other day in the Episcopal Convention, that "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America" be eliminated from the hymnal. "My son spilled his blood in France in the service of his country," said the Bishop, "but I protest against the inclusion of an address to the flag as a part of the hymnal. . . . I do not believe in worsipping standards, as was done in the Roman Empire." Our admiration for the courage of Dr. Cheshire, in daring to make such a proposal as this, is quite apart from any question of agreement or disagreement with his views. For ourselves, we are inclined to believe that this is a rather petty issue on which to attempt to rescue Christianity from the clutches of militaristic barbarism. We would decide the matter on other grounds. Thus, we would exclude "The Star Spangled Banner" from any hymnal as unfit, from the standpoint both of words and music, for religious worship. "America," in spite of its not infrequent doggerel lines, we would include, on the principle laid down by the late Professor Lounsbury for the acceptance of certain ungrammatical English phrases—namely, popular usage. If any change is to be urged, it is that of the substitution for "America" of Katherine Lee Bates's wonderful hymn, "America the Beautiful," unquestionably the finest patriotic song yet produced in this country. But our thought returns to Dr. Cheshire, standing in a Protestant Episcopal Convention, and urging such a change, at such a time as this! We anticipate that, long before this editorial note is printed, the good Bishop will have been properly classified among the Bolsheviks!

The ban on German music would indeed seem to be "off." An early season of German opera is announced at the Lexington Avenue Theatre in New York. The Metropolitan Opera House includes "Parsifal" (with English libretto) in its 1919-1920 repertoire. The Society of American Singers will present "Lohengrin" in its forthcoming season at the Park Theatre, New York. And the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, a Frenchman, has stated that Wagner numbers will have place on his programs in Boston. So far, so good! A quick recovery of reason this fall may do much to atone for our atrocious sin during the War, of nationalizing the art of music.

Lloyd George and His Coalition

There are many noteworthy examples in Britain of politicians in the height of their fame deserting one historic party for the other. In the Home-Rule crisis of 1886 Gladstone lost several of his best men, a blow from which the Liberal party did not recover for many long years, though in 1892 the Liberals were for a while in office with a small majority. The desertion of Joseph Chamberlain in 1886 affords an excellent illustration of the success of a young politician, raised in the atmosphere of Liberalism, winning distinction among his former opponents who had regarded his principles with dismay, and his rhetoric and electioneering methods with contempt. It was Joseph Chamberlain who was mainly responsible for keeping the Liberal party in the political Wilderness for nearly twenty years, during which period so many of these evils were initiated and fostered which have borne the deadly fruit of this war. The old watchwords of Liberalism: Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, were supplanted by a policy of War, Imperialism, and Poverty. In estimating the service Chamberlain rendered to the Conservative party it is no easy task to distinguish the good from the ill, for though he saved the Conservative party from collapse in 1886, though he revived its drooping power by introducing a new Imperialism, he also was responsible for the disaster which overtook that party at the general election of 1906. It was the Boer War, his war, the awful fruit of his new Imperialism, which in the end destroyed the Conservative party. It was the Boer war, his war, the last of a series of fourteen wars waged in ten successive years while the Conservatives were in office, which forced him to advocate his scheme of Colonial Preference, an electioneering dodge thrust forward for the purpose of turning the people's attention away from the government's mismanagement of the South African war. Protection, or Colonial Preference as he called it, did for the Conservative party what Home Rule in 1886 did for the Liberal party: it divided the ranks of the Conservatives, and brought overwhelming political defeat at the next general election. So it happened that the man who deserted Gladstone lived to destroy the other party which had risen to the very heights of political power during his association with it.

It is said that the British electors never forgive war governments. They might during the period of the war re-elect a war cabinet, as they did in 1900 during the South African war, as they did recently a year ago, but that happens only while the people are under the influence of the war mind. Certainly, in the past hundred years, there is not an instance of a party which made war winning the suffrages of the British people once the war had been brought to a close. When the war has been forgotten, and the

old domestic issues again occupy the minds of the people then, of course, it is different, a party that engaged in war may assume office and remain in power long enough to make another war.

Now two very interesting, timely questions arise out of this attitude of the British people. The one is, what is to become of the Coalition party, and the other is, what is to become of Lloyd George? That these two questions are of interest to the American public no one can deny, for the international fortunes of this country and Europe are inextricably bound up with the political movement of Great Britain. Even the editors of magazines and newspapers seem to realize this, for there have been of late numerous articles and editorials on British politics and politicians which indicate a totally new interest here in international affairs. It cannot, however, be said that many of the writers of the articles referred to are over-burdened with knowledge of the essential facts concerning these two questions; and more than a superficial acquaintance with the ramifications of party politics in Britain is essential, if a true valuation of the future of the present government and its chief is to be taken. No valuation, indeed, can assist us in answering these questions unless it include the political history of Lloyd George, for it is his political history that fastens him, like a ball chain, within the boundaries of political opportunism and economic ignorance.

Let us therefore consider the future of the coalition party. There are in it strange elements, so strange that only a war could bring about a mixing process that would hold them together. And in this group of strange elements it is pretty safe to say that those who are astute and brilliant in a political way are the very men whose principles a British peace electorate has learned to despise. Lord Milner is undoubtedly the brains of the Cabinet, but the people will never forget he was the Alfred Milner of the Boer war. Anyway, he is a peer, and his constituency is safe, for it is under his hat. Another safe constituency is that of Curzon's. Curzon is an imperialist of a particularly bureaucratic type. His term as viceroy of India would never commend itself to the British electorate. His poltical career in England lacks any distinguishing mark, and so little did he achieve that it is difficult to connect him with any office of importance. He will be remembered for his autocratic, repressive rule in India. These two men, Milner and Curzon, are relics of the conservative past, and in all probability they would never have been heard of again outside the House of Lords had there been no war. They are war-products, filling, adequately, the political emergencies of a time when any mediocrity with a pull was given a chance. Carson, of course, is out of it. He has his only lonely furrow to plough in Ulster. But then he was never a British politician. He was and is an Orange man and a lawyer.

It is different with Balfour, who is undoubtedly the intellect of the Coalition Cabinet, but he was never popular with the masses; they do not trust him; they are afraid of his mental processes. A man of tremendous power, a versatile thinker, a metaphysician, a man quite out of place in the hurly-burly of modern party politics. Has he had enough? Will he retire and seek the consolations of Handel and Gluck and Bergson, and the attractions of golf, the game he knows so well and plays so poorly? Or will he make one more attempt to resuscitate the Conservative party as it was in the days of the late Lord Salisbury? Who can tell what this strange man can do? My own opinion is that he is tired, and will take a well-earned rest before long. He must know that Conservatism of the old school died when Joseph Chamberlain was taken into its fold. Then there is Winston Churchill, perhaps the greatest political failure of the century. A man of many offices, but few achievements. He may have to be reckoned with, but in what way no one can tell, for he is as nimble as a squirrel in running up political trees. He may join the Labor party, for he is ambitious and aims at the premiership. The Labor party may be foolish enough to take him, but I doubt whether his war record will carry him very far with the masses. He has much to answer for. The part he took as First Lord of the Admiralty in moving the fleet in July, 1914, is yet to be discussed. Then there are the disastrous events which took place at Antwerp and Gallipoli of which he must bear his share; there is beside the failure of his policy of intervention in Russia; these are matters which will handicap him seriously in the race for political success. But Winston Churchill has many redeeming qualities. He is a student, he writes well, his speeches not only read well, they sound well. He has a fine sense of humor and makes friends. His is an attractive personality. He is head and shoulders above his chief in political knowledge; in experience of the world and its affairs there is no one in the Coalition Cabinet that is to be compared with him. If he were not somewhat of an opportunist he would go a long way in British politics even in these days. In his case there is, however, this question of political tradition to be considered; he, like Chamberlain, deserted from the party of his youth at a time of crisis. The rest, apart from Lloyd George, are mere political understudies who in time of peace would get the jobs the more brilliant did not wish to take.

Such a motley group can have no political future. Indeed the Coalition is on its deathbed, and its creator is already, after nine short months of power, showing signs of repentance, and praying for another

opportunity of forming another coalition, of quite another order, so that he may take a new lease of life at Downing Street. The cables tell us that Lord George has started another hare, and is once again enjoying the exhilarating exercise of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. The hare is still reform, the same old hare, but whether he will be able to get the British electors to hunt with him this time is not likely, for they remember only too well that in the past Lord George usually got the hare and they got the run. Nevertheless the signs are many that Lloyd George's former opponents, the men with whom he has been associated for the past three or four years, have served their purpose and are no longer necessary to his interests. He is the sublime opportunist of the ages. There was never anyone like him. Certainly no one in British politics ever had so many bitter enemies and, at the same time, so many loyal friends. To many British Liberals of the old school he was always a conundrum which puzzled and fascinated them. His political inconsistencies were as amusing to the vast unthinking crowd as the peccadilloes of the vivacious lover in a French farce. No one combined the lighter characteristics of the charlatan with the solemn manner of the local preacher so well as he. Stupendously ignorant of the best that has been said and thought in the world, yet he succeeded in making many superficial observers imagine he was a well-read man; certainly a great feat, for I never heard of any book of importance that he had read. Always glib with the Bible, apt at quotations, sometimes slick at simile, yet he never impressed Bible students with his knowledge of the work. He relied upon his natural gifts which were undeniably great. It is useless to try to push him away as a mere ignoramus and a political freak, for those natural gifts are of a very unusual description. Friend and foe must admit that they carried him farther in British politics than the brilliant scholarship and international experience of many a famous politician. He has been without doubt the House of Commons success of this generation. I never heard him make a dull speech; no matter how long, and sometimes tedious, his financial statements on introducing his budgets, there were always lively passages and purple patches which were decidely worth hearing. Agile in debate and swift at repartee, he was the most difficult man an opposition had to tackle. Motions of the nature of votes of censure were occasions which afforded him opportunities to reveal the entire armory of his dialectical skill. He never faced the question his opponents laid as a snare to trap him, he never really answered any accusations of misstatement or misrepresentation of facts; he deftly turned the subject against his accusers, and, as it were, pushed them out of the witness box, slipped into their place, and thrust them into the dock. There are many incidents of this kind recorded in the House of Commons debates. And it was his dexterity in turning the subject, in never facing the question at issue, when he could avoid it, that made him one of the most interesting figures of the Treasury bench. With his natural fluency of speech, he was never at a loss of quip, aspersion, or innuendo. He could be humorous, solemn, funny, plausible, persuasive, scornful, plaintive, accusative, and nearly always eloquent. And no great British orator was ever so unreliable, irresponsible, and reckless in speech. A charm of manner that was irresistible disarmed most of the foes he met; with his bright intelligent eyes, winning smile, and warm, mellow tones of speech he was equipped with some of nature's finest weapons for achieving success in politics. He has been called a political vampire. He was certainly a past master at the game of using other people's brains. And to a very great extent he has subsisted politically on the ideas of others, picked up in conversation with friends and foes. Few men have enjoyed such ability as his to use his foes for political advancement. Perhaps the reason for his success in that way was that they could not insult him, he was proof against their contumely. Principles he had for expedient purposes; he never let them interfere with his ambition. A principle was to him a stick to assist climbing, walking, or when necessary to bludgeon anybody who stood in his way, but if he felt it become heavy or cumbersome he could cast it aside without compunction. During the Boer war he won most of his adherents; most assuredly it was a noble stand he took, but the principle which stood him in good stead then was of no service to him in July, 1914. The circumstances were somewhat different, of course, for during the Boer war he was in opposition, and there was no talk of the invasion of Great Britain. But war is war whether you are on the side of the aggressor or the defender. The fact is the principle he used as a stick when he was in opposition, was too cumbersome and heavy to be used when he was in office. When he spoke at the Queen's Hall in July, 1908, at the Universal Peace Conference he did not hesitate to say that Britain must bear the blame for the vast increase in the expenditure on armaments, but that did not make it difficult for him in 1915 to put the whole blame on Germany. Again, on January 1st, 1914, in an interview published in the London Daily *Chronicle*, when he proved that Germany was not so well prepared as France and Russia, he found no difficulty three years later in proving to his own satisfaction that Germany had been preparing for forty years to wrest imperial power from Britain. No artist would dream of entering in competition with him in the art of proving black is white. He would floor any arithmetician in proving the multiplication table a concoction of mathematical fallacies, and as for

using the Deity for political purposes he must have turned the Kaiser green with envy many a time.

His old friend the Rev. G. Towyn Jones used to say that he had been false to every principle of Welsh Liberalism: To Welsh education, to the disestablishment and the disendowment of the Welsh church, to the land question, to the cause of peace, retrenchment, and reform. No one in political life has ever received so much credit as a reformer, and no one has achieved so little reform. But it has happened that his name has been associated with some of the most controversial questions which have arisen in British politics since 1906. At the Board of Trade he was clever enough to take up some reforms which had been pigeon-holed by some Conservatives; great credit is due to him for his sagacity in carrying out measures originated by his opponents. When Asquith became Prime Minister, Lloyd George found the budget of 1908 all ready to his hand. The land value budget of 1909, which has been known by the name of the Lloyd George budget, was considered by uninformed Liberals as a great achievement, but the truth of it is that the budget that reached the statute book was not the budget that caused the sensation when it was introduced in the House of Commons. The original measure was a land values budget which sprang out of the great land agitation created by the land values leagues in the campaign of 1908-'09 in which Lloyd George took no part whatever. It was not until the budget was introduced, and caused a sensation, that Mr. Lloyd George took up the question in the country. Then it soon became evident by the economic blunders and inconsistencies in his speeches that he knew little or nothing about the question. In the committee stage in the House of Commons, because of his ignorance of the fundamental principles of political economy, he let the Whig and Tory landlords mutilate the measure to such an extent that it had lost its economic vitals before it was thrown out by the House of Lords. It, however, served his purpose; he was the most discussed man in British politics, reviled and condemned by his opponents, distrusted by his friends. He sold the pass and set back the cause of the British land values movement for many a long year. In that year of 1909-'10 the work of a lifetime in the cause of the British land question was frittered away to serve Lloyd George's party ambition. Very soon he took up another question, that of national insurance, a scheme that he had brought from bureaucratic Germany and foisted it upon the British public.

What can the political future of such a man be at a time like this? First let us ask ourselves if Lloyd George was ever a Radical by conviction. No one that knows him impartially can say that he ever studied the fundamentals of political economy enough to be convinced of the justice and righteousness of the people's cause. It is said that he was a Liberal at heart. That may be so. But was he ever a Liberal in mind? Liberals at heart are as a rule mere philanthropic Conservatives. They are sorry for the poor people, and would give them alms. That's about as far as the Liberal at heart will go. That's about as far as Mr. Lloyd George went. Old age pensions, insurance for sickness and unemployment, labor bureaux, etc., make the round of reform for which he has been responsible. Ever since he took office in 1906 I have had no doubt as to his political complexion. He is not a Radical. The best that can be said of him is that he is a Liberal trimmer, who believes that office is essential to the politician. Where then in the British politics of the future will he find place and honor? The other day our newspapers informed us that he sat with Arthur Henderson, who won an astounding victory for labor in the old Tory constituency of Widnes a week or two ago, in the pulpit at the City Temple in London, at a Brotherhood meeting. That he was there, sitting next to Arthur Henderson, fresh from a victory which was a tremendous blow to the Lloyd Geoorge government, is indicative of the man. Defeat does not bother him so long as he can be associated with the victor. This Jack-in-the-box will spring up in the most surprising situations with unblushing impudence and brazen audacity. He is irrepressible, and his presence in the pulpit with Arthur Henderson in the City Temple scored two for George and one for Henderson. So he might spring up some day in the Labor party, and lead the House of Commons against his old opponents, recently his friends of the Coalition Cabinet. But let us remember the fate of Joseph Chamberlain who deserted Gladstone at the time of crisis and in so doing destroyed the Tory party. I feel sure that Lloyd George will destroy the Labor party if it is ever foolish enough to take him into its fold.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

A HAPPY DAY

When I would have a happy day
From care and fretting free,
I need, dear God, but to recall
It is a gift from Thee.
For then I seek each precious hour
Through service to uplift,
So that through me no blemish mar
Thy pure, untarnished gift.

VLYN JOHNSON.

"I think the spirit more important than the machinery. A League, although also useful, is to keep alive that feeling of brotherhood now so dearly bought between England, France, Italy, Belgium and America, poets and priests of the *Una sancta ecclesia.*"

DR. CHRISTIAN SIHLER, *Cleveland,*
A German-American.

THE PULPIT

The Church of God in Columbus

A sermon preached by Irving Maurer in the First Congregational Church, Columbus, Ohio, January 26, 1919.

Unto the church of God which is at Corinth.
II Cor. I:1.

In the year 1974 the church of God in Columbus met in its fifteen central buildings to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. Throughout the city in the bright, warm homelike community centers the neighborhoods had been holding historical reminiscences which centered in the life of the various social groups. In the public schools unusually appealing exercises had been held, which had reflected the pure love and loyalty that the children felt for their fine home town.

I wish I had time here to tell you of the appearance of the city itself, with its population of a million people, with its chaste and roomy civic and state centers, its beautiful river front, its hamonious and refined architecture, and above all its efficient system of boulevard and street transportation, railless and noiseless, and almost timeless.

The Sunday on which this culminating event of the celebration was to occur was, as usual, marked by the vast flow of humanity toward one of the fifteen great churches which starred the city. Enter any one of these churches and you will note that the great edifice was in reality a double building. A soundproof tapestry separated the church into two great rooms, one of which was rich with religious symbol and devotional art, the other of which was plain and simple without painting or oratory. The first room was intended for the ritualists and the mystics, and the second for the people with the unpriestly idea of religion. The remarkable thing about the church was that this great tapestried screen could be raised, and that every church service finished by the two rooms being made one, with common music and a common sermon. Another thing you would have noted, through a more lengthy observation, was that there were many kinds of services, on every day of the week, for on Friday evening the Jews would begin their celebration of the Sabbath, and the Seventh Day Adventists would do the same, and on each day the various religious conceptions called for a bewildering variety of ritual or order of worship.

Jews did I say? Yes, and Christian Scientists, and Roman Catholics, and Congregationalists and the rest of them. Why not? But let us go in and see what is happening in one of these churches on the anniversary night.

On this night the great tapestried screen is raised and you find yourself in a splendid gathering of Columbus people, people of every race, for the community spirit enfolds every race that lives here. You will at once notice that somehow your living in Columbus is evidence of your membership in a real community. If you earn your wages here you are good enough for us, that seems to be the spirit of relationship. We will pass over the fine community singing, in which the melody of the church of the Fathers seemed to have found itself again, the music, and great choirs, all of whose songs seemed to pulse with a righteous social pride and joy, and settle down to listen to an old man who has arisen to deliver an historical address.

In the reality of our present community fellowship, he began, it is easy for younger members of this city life to forget the existence up to within recent times of a life quite different from this, right here in Columbus town. It may be well for you to be told of some of the features which we in that time accepted as inevitable evils to a community existence, much as we used to think that one could not help catching cold, or dying of tuberculosis. But the fact remains that if fifty years ago we would have asked all those who belong to the church of God in Columbus to raise their hands, no hand would have been raised. They would not have known just what you meant. As a matter of fact there wasn't an organization of religious culture in Columbus which had the community idea. Instead of basing fellowship upon community ideals and upon the social life of the city, most of the religious bodies based fellowship upon some personal interpretation of Jesus. Every religious body bore a label showing a separatist tendency. Most of their names ended in *ist*—Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Uiversalists, Adventists—or in *ian*, and in very few of them appeared the name Christian or God or Christ. I will not hesitate to admit that in those days religion was vital to many. But looking back we see that for a long time, unmeaning distinctions had been allowed to keep good people apart, and new plans for larger work were shelved because they threatened to disturb the continuity of an outlived distinctiveness.

Another feature of the Columbus of that time was that the community life was broken up by cleavages which were caused by the sects being of national and of international scope. That is to say, differences and distinctions which were not at all generic in this soil were dividing our neighborhoods and breaking up the city life into small isolated groups. On one or two great occasions it was possible after several weeks' effort on the part of strenuous committees to gather representatives of the various sects into one room for considering common religious and national or social needs. But the achievement was always looked upon as an event so unusual that it only emphasized the apartness in which our religious life went on.

Another very sad feature of the life of Columbus fifty years ago was that the religious efforts represented about eighty per cent of wasteful duplication. No genuine community interest dictated the location of the sectarian churches. This matter was usually settled by some professional secretary living in Cleveland or Cincinnati or New York who would drop into town between trains and see whether his denomination was looking out for new territory to keep pace with the growth of population. In all the churches the same work went on. The neighborhood churches just across the street from each other would each have its boy scout troop, its camp fire girls and its young people's society. Much effort was spent by religious leaders keeping an eye on one another, judging the year's work by the number of families which one church had secured from another church, and in matching one series of sermons with another.

It might sound strange to say that fifty years ago two hundred churches went on without any definite community plan on which they agreed, but it is true. Why, every one of these churches maintained preaching, teaching, social service and missionary effort. There was no such thing as specially trained religious

workers in the church. As a consequence most of the preaching was thin, and lacked force and conviction. The word of God was never so worshipped as a talisman of religious sanctions, but never was it less understood in its real community social spirit. The *ad hominem* argument, the sensational headline as the text, the fear of uttering hard or unpleasant truths, were all due to the over-churching and the over-preaching which hampered the life of the congregations of our grandfathers.

Another conspicuous handicap on the religious life of that day was the un-Christian spirit displayed in the church creeds. Even by that time many of the terms and statements of the creeds were outworn. But the old terms were used still, and the churches went on professing a faith which an increasing number of the people did not believe. The creeds were many of them formed in the heat of controversy, involving principles and doctrines which, though once vital to their communion, had now lost contact with the actual life of the world. . . .

Then, sad to say, the old man went on, and hard as it may seem to believe, the separate churches of that time had lost their democracy. They were a fellowship not so much of believers as of one's social equals. There were rich churches and poor churches, white churches and black churches, ignorant churches and intellectual churches, churches of the professional and leisure classes and churches of the wage-earners. About the only place where everybody was equal was before the ballot-box, or on the street. This had become the great outstanding sin of the small congregation, that one's religion was cultivated in the social atmosphere where one found his whist or his recreation. The effort to maintain theological consistency became the holy cloak for social exclusiveness and caste life. People were living in the same city and yet remained apart. One street did not know nor care what the other street was doing. One church was gorged with funds, while another church was continually starving its preacher. And while the religious effort was steadily becoming a professional struggle to keep a machine moving, the great burning issues of life, the relation between employer and workingman, the evil of militarism, the issues of Anglo-Saxon liberty of conscience were being silently ignored, and the field that could be safely covered by the pulpit was becoming narrower. The rich pulpits regaled their self-satisfied constituents with the sins of the workingman, and the preacher to the lowly enlarged upon the importance of personal salvation, and only in great international crises did they return to the pulpit contact with the vital issues of the times. The result was through the strife of interests a growing intolerance, the substitution of religious propaganda for religious truth, and the spiritual hunger of the world remained unfed.

That we people of that time, the old man continued, knew that something was wrong is evidenced by the frantic efforts to recover the lost ground. This partly took the shape of great seasons of revival which very frankly were directed to those who had fallen by the way. They swept over the life of the communities from time to time, emphasized the personal sins, but left the bigger sins unmentioned. The breath blown upon the dying embers caused them now and then to flame up with renewed heat, only to die again.

The climax came when the denominations under the impetus of the war renewed emphasis upon denominational equipment, and amassed great sums of money with which to magnify their service to society. But the result was only a magnified denominationalism. The genius of the church bodies was that, though great or small, growing or dying, they were sectarian still. There could result only a magnified cleft between the various bodies in their various social and missionary programs, so that after it was all over the various religious sects found their treasuries full of funds but unable to spend them save to further denominational interests. The added strain upon the social life of the communities proved too great, and so the modern church revolution came.

In Columbus the idea was born with the now famous War Chest idea that played so important a part in the birth of the Columbus community idea. In the great war the strain of the many nation-wide drives made inevitable the systematizing of the efforts at raising funds. Hence was born the community idea of the war chest. Those who were mistrustful of it magnified its immunity idea, namely, the idea that in this way we were protecting ourselves from unlimited demands upon both our time and purse. Those who defended the idea magnified the conception of a big family community husbanding its resources so as to guarantee prompt payment of legitimate demands and the fostering of the group spirit. In a way it was a healthy reaction from the sway of the New York secretary deluging the lesser cities with telegrams and quotas and grinding all individuality of life in the various communities into the semblance of the one standardized community program.

The presence in Columbus of thousands of soldiers, passing through or enlisting or seeking for recreation from near-by camps, made it imperative that the better element of the community should show them a genuine hospitality. The community booth which is now so prominent a fixture on the busy corners, where the motherly hospitality women stand as our city hostesses then for the first time appeared at Broad and High. It may surprise some of you to know that before the war the cities of our country made comparatively little arrangement to show their true, their better selves to the young men and women who came to them as strangers. It took the war, with all its menace to the spiritual life of the world, to blast open the social rooms of our churches to people of every class and creed. Now during the war the community center idea had a chance to be tried and the life of the city became splendidly wearied in the tasks of friendly pure-hearted entertainment and play, and gradually a new emphasis appeared. It was not so much a social service for the purpose of winning men to religion as the religious life expressing itself in service, with men, not a religious institution, as the end in view.

After the war the war chest idea was here to stay. Over eighty thousand citizens of Columbus, a vast number for those days, paid their regular monthly contributions into the chest. The result was a disciplining of the people for public service. There came to many a vision of what Columbus could be like. The war had shown Columbus what concerted action could do. For the first time in years people were assembling in the Memorial Hall, forgetting that they were Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, and re-

membering that they were all members of one another. And so after the war some one started the notion of a community chest. At first the idea was simply the application of the War Chest idea to local charities. But soon the idea grew beyond this simpler notion into the vision of a community fund, to be expended for community enterprises which, under the slower process of political development, might not be voted by the taxpayers for years. Some one called attention to the fact that while the average American hates to pay taxes he does like to give money away. Thus Columbus started on her path toward community friendship and love. A drive for a fund of $5,000,000 by popular subscription was undertaken, and when the drive was over it was found that over 80,000 citizens had contributed, and that by regular gifts over a period of a year, more than $10,000,000 had been subscribed. This fund was put in charge of a reputable board of directors and the principle was laid down to help into birth only those social services which could eventually be municipalized. In other words the fund was used not to teach or to encourage the city to evade just burdens, but to help into life municipal tasks and enterprises which otherwise would remain under private control. It was a mother fund which was to be used to encourage the pioneering spirit of municipal life, to remove from the city the stamp of national standardization, that withering blight which had made every American municipality have the identical hotel on the identical busy corner, and had given to every community its tallest building.

At last we people in Columbus broke away from the notion that to turn something over to the city meant to take away its usefulness and its beauty. People began to see that not outside of the political life of Columbus but in it, and through her political institutions, the real life of Columbus could function. They began to care for their schools as for a holy thing, as a place where the children could gain the community spirit, as a place where children could learn not alone the useful but the beautiful and the truthful. They began to set themselves to attain those deeper qualities of the soul that were the goal of the Greek culture of Athens and of Thebes. They began to care for the children in play time as in class time, and there grew into being that wonderful park system with the neighborhood playgrounds, which you now take for granted, and love so much. There grew up out of the closer friendship thus formed a warm neighborhood life. People began to notice each other. The old social exclusiveness, the pink-tea, whist-club sort of life, which never really had existed for very many folks, lost its attractiveness in the presence of the marvelous interests developed by this social atmosphere, and the zeal to serve Columbus began to take the place of all other interests.

All this social spirit was of course fostered by the League of Nations. The League of Nations both widened and deepened the community life. The old nationalism interpreted in terms of armies and of guns, died. It had no air to breathe. A newer and a richer nationalization took its place. We love the United States today, not in such a way, however, that we want every American and every city to think alike, but rather as the mother of a diversified life. Columbus, like other great cities, has found time under the new arrangements, to realize her own individual self. There sprang up that new civilization of cities, in which the city names again bulk large in the thoughts of the world, and in which nations have become less and less units of similar life but rather great leagues of different city groups and country units, all living individual existences with fellowship and with loyalty to one another.

The churches will never be able to state when all these contributing causes finally won out over sectarianism. But the time came when the social test of religion became too vital to be ignored. It was no longer possible to escape the test of social solidarity. A man who believed in the deity of Jesus could no longer ignore the social validity in love and good works of the man who only believed in the divinity of Jesus. The man who believed in the priestly relationship between man and God could no longer deny the social value of the religious individualist who believes in the priesthood of all believers. Gradually the social relations of Columbus ate away the religious separateness. The neighborly life broke away from sectarian groups. The community sings and the community mass meetings became the real bodies of social faith and hope and love. At last the time came when some one with eyes to see and ears to hear, said, "Here is the real church." "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." One would have thought that the people would not have recognized as soon as they did the reality of Jesus' words, that he was speaking not of a technical gathering for the purpose of discussing some metaphysical relationship with himself, the risen Lord, but of the gathering of men and women for service. But they recognized it immediately. Our citizens began to realize that wherever two or three people in Columbus gathered to discuss community good or to start some work which had for its aim the betterment of their fellows, there was present the spirit of the Man of Galilee who went about doing good. People began to see that the basis of the church was social hunger and thirst after righteousness. Hence, it became more and more difficult for the churches to maintain the prayer meeting by itself, and easier and easier to hold sewing circles, soldier suppers, community sings, mass meetings for the discussion of municipal recreation, housing, Americanization, settlement work and the like. People began to see everywhere, in the church and out, how dear to the hearts of the average man were the teachings of Jesus. People for the first time began to understand how universal is the need for Christian love. The newspapers began to print cartoons of Jesus as the hope of the world without being accused of hypocrisy.

So the time came when the people began to say to their ministers of religion, Protestant, Jewish, Catholic, why do we not put on a community church program? The result was at first a federation of churches. But this was only a real beginning. It did not satisfy the desire of the people for social fellowship. It only served to hasten the movement toward community intercourse. Finally the time came when the love for Columbus was so strong, in the hearts of all, that it became the real basis of fellowship. Thus there developed the idea that if Christianity could not get people together here it could not do it anywhere. Churches broke away from a denominationalism which made the local community subordinate to an imaginary commonwealth. The Catholic

community returned to the old bishop system of the pre-papal days. The church ministry broke up into more specialized types of ministry. It was discovered that fewer good preachers and prophets could manage the direction of religious worship, and that other religious leaders could throw themselves into the social program of the city life, into religious education, recreation, industrial fellowship, neighborhood development and the like. It was found that religion had gained by the feeling of comradeship with all men, that the more Columbus people lived together and worked for Columbus, the more religion they had. There came to them not the faith that leads to separatism, but the faith which is the fruitage of love and good works. They found renewed strength in the assembling together in the great masses, hence there were built these fine community gathering houses, a new type of the old *ecclesia* which had been so cheapened by a wrong spirit. Hence we are worshipping today in one building, and we are finding that the raising of the screen at the close of our separate services is the prelude to the best part of the service.

We do not pretend to say that all men think alike. We permit every person to adopt as his creed his own interpretation of truth. We do not discourage the sects from having their own meetings, provided that they do not go off by themselves,—all the religious services are tested by their social spirit. And we see to it that in our religious and community life we are neighborly and have the world point of view. It was the Columbus community church which started the movement for the merging of all great mission boards into one, and our interest in the world program of winning humanity to the idea of a God of love and a brotherhood of man is second to no other interest. We simply insist on one great fundamental truth that love, as taught by the Nazarene, exemplified by His cross, hallowed by every sacrifice of one man for his brethren, is the way of life and the secret of the heavenly city whose builder and maker is God and whose existence is a fact, for we are all living in it.

As the old man led the tale into the familiar land of common experience, the light of a genuine emotion shone on the faces of the young and old. Here was the real fellowship of Christian believers. Here was a church of the Holy Ghost. Here was a genuine Christian community, building institutions of love into the structure of the city. By living together in the same town, by sharing the tasks of making that town saving rather than destructive, these citizens were entering into the Kingdom of Love.

I did not stop to hear whether in the old man's tale there was any mention of this particular church, whether we had been of any help in making that new vision to live. But I love to think that our future lies in more efficient and heartful service to Columbus, in an endeavor to show the community spirit in all our lives, and that if ever the time comes for Columbus to move into a more genuine Christian fellowship this church will help to show the way.

What Hope Is There for a Forward Movement in Religion?

We hear much of a coming "forward movement" in religion. Nothing surely is more needed. What sign have we that the churches, which had no wisdom or virtue to prevent the catastrophe of the last five years, are better prepared now with spiritual power? Has the fact that they joined with all kinds of mixed interests to help "win the war," brought any faculty of vision or any fresh note of truth? What new lessons have they learned? Have they taken on a new habit of modesty, of gentleness, of moral courage, of magnanimity, of open-mindedness, of devotion to a high purpose?

The fact is, the churches have been engaged in a kind of business which has never prepared men for a great spiritual movement. The war weariness oppresses them; they show the sensitiveness of tired children to hear anyone who speaks disquieting or unpopular words; they want to be praised and flattered. Where more than in the churches do we hear the harsh cry for the adequate punishment of enemies? The churches somehow give the appearance of an institution in its decadence. And yet these same churches contain an unusual amount of estimable and indeed lovable human material. What can be the trouble?

A rather perplexing word of Jesus may throw light on this question. Referring to John the Baptist, Jesus says that no greater man ever lived, but he adds, "He that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." What can this mean? It is as if one were to say that Benjamin Franklin was the greatest man who ever studied electricity, but that our children are able to do things with this wonderful force that Franklin never foresaw. Here is the difference between the period when great men are investigating a power of nature, and the new régime, when ordinary men may use the power at their pleasure. The trouble, says Jesus, with John the Baptist and all the admirable people who practice his old-fashioned Puritan virtue is that they do not yet know the secret of the kingdom of heaven.

You may put Jesus' meaning in this way: John said, The kingdom of heaven is coming. Most people accordingly settled down and said, We will wait till it comes. Jesus says: The new day is here; the new power is on; use it immediately; light your houses with it! In other words, heaven is here in your own hearts, if you will only receive it. While John's disciples believe in the millennium, and in the saints and angels, Jesus believes perfectly wonderful things of this earth and of common men.

John's people talk confidently about their ideals; they are fond of worshiping ideals. But these ideals are mostly at a distance away. In Jesus' realm the ideals are the simple natural laws which govern all happy and successful human intercourse. The Golden Rule, for instance, means practical business; you cannot afford to do business without it. The best of John's people do not believe that it will work. They will not try to make it work. But the people who see what Jesus saw in it find no limit to its working; they become enthusiastic about it; they are bound to use it every time they deal with men.

John and his disciples lay their emphasis upon justice. Thus John tells the soldiers not to steal; he

does not tell them not to kill! He and they are in the experimental stage in their morality. Here people are accounted good who do what is expected of them by society—the conventional morality. It is good enough if you pay your debts and give honest measure. How often have we heard Unitarians boast that their church members pay one hundred cents on a dollar! Jesus goes way beyond this. Humanity or friendliness is the great word in the new régime. Do more than just "enough"; let the measure run over! What are we here for, if we barely make good for what we cost and consume! We are here to leave the world better off than it was. The new emphasis is upon the word *give*, not get. Give men smiles and kind words; give your appreciation; give freely, and lo! you grow rich every day.

Again, John's disciples—probably not John himself—are very shy of outsiders, of the men lower down, of the "unchurched," of the foreigners or heathen. Jesus is forever bidding us trust men; expect the best in them; be ready to work with them; treat them as men, and as never less than human. Thus, a new spirit is working in the kingdom of heaven. It sets you to thinking of all kinds of human relations; it puts a delightful sense of mutuality into marriage and the family circle; it widens the neighborhood; it makes every man and child a sharer and a partner in all the work of the world; it broadens the boundaries of the nation and leaves no man an alien; it infuses old duties with fresh understanding of the comradely services involved in every kind of duty. New vital questions arise. It is little to ask, Have you paid your bills in full? It is a more interesting question, Where and how did you procure your money?

There was always something harsh and threatening about John the Baptist's teaching. He and his school deemed the good life almost impossibly difficult. Only the few could attain to it. John brought no gospel. But the world needs good news, cheerful, practicable, and for every one. The fact is, that the good life is life itself, in its fulness, and such as every one wants. It is the normal life of the whole man, body and mind and humanity working together. How few churchmen have ever given the world a glimmer of this fact! "Progressive" churches so far have mostly made Jesus an impossible character and his teaching useless counsels of perfection. "Christians" as a rule have not been distinguishable from other men of the same social set.

The old school of orthodoxy in which John and his disciples were brought up, knew nothing of what forgiveness is. Of course, they said, if my enemy will behave himself, and make due reparation and ask my forgiveness, I will pardon him. Jesus went away beyond this. Indeed he taught a more practical way. The new humanity simply sets aside the idea of enemies, outcasts, aliens, inferiors, and sinners. It does this by lifting us all to the one level of the common humanity, as all children of God. How can I have an enemy, when I think of men as in a real sense my brothers? How can I have an enemy, when the main purpose of my life is to do all the very best human service I can? The enemy has conquered me, if he has made me hate him; if he has created bitterness in me. I am sorry for him, as I am sorry for a sick or infirm man. He may be an abler man than I am, but while he does hurtful and inhumane things and when he has lost his temper he is weak. I pity the man who has to stoop from his height as a man. Nothing would please me so much as to be able to help him recover.

This is no difficult attitude. Booker T. Washington used to say that no white man could treat him so ill as to make him his enemy. A multitude of simple-hearted people have caught the same secret of life. Nothing short of this is forgiveness. It is to have no enemies. I never heard of anyone who has tried this and found it to fail. There is an immense remove here between the idea of John the Baptist's people and the teaching of Jesus.

"Christians" do not usually understand this at all. Witness the almost universal action of Christian churches in sanctioning war.

No one can bless and carry on war, who has caught the idea (without which there is no thorough forgiveness) that men who really belong to the kingdom of heaven, that is, who are truly men, can have no enemies. Such men know a better way than to fight one another!

Once more, John's group of people believe in God as one who dwells afar off. Sometime you shall see God, but not now. The new idea is that God is wherever life, beauty, intelligence, and love are, especially where we see life at work creating beauty, goodness, and unity. Where goodness dwells, God is. Where two or three are together as one in will, purpose, sympathy, led and bound by the good spirit, doing the creative works of goodness, God is. You know and see God in every loving thought, in noble deeds, in the smiles of happy children. How else does the wonder of goodness grow in the world?

There are many people who say this, who never say it as if they quite believe it, as if they had tried it and found it out to be true. It is the essential truth at the heart of the world and in all our own hearts, seeking to utter itself. As often as we let ourselves go with it, and give it free flow through us, duties become light and the most arduous tasks draw courage and hope from the infinite sources. We are doubtless dealing with a spiritual force akin to a hitherto untried power of nature.

Let me ask now if anything less than this definite gospel, honestly believed as never before, and modestly and heartily urged, can possibly meet the colossal needs of the world, or give any relief and healing to its aching distresses? Where are those who will use it, trust it, express it, and accept its splendid new applications? They will lift the level of every human relation, of every business and profession. They will alter the meaning of many an old word. For example, they will bring out new meanings of "democracy" and "government."

Nations till now have called out their whole citizenry to be willing to die. A grander call comes now for a more beneficent devotion. It is the word of the Eternal Goodness, bidding us to live or die, as need may be, for the constructive service of man, to build the first real civilization ever seen on this earth.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Convictions of Christopher Sterling

"The Convictions of Christopher Sterling,"* by Harold Begbie, is a book certain to be called pro-German by some, just as it would have been called pro-Boer or pro-French or pro-American if it had been written by an Englishman at various earlier periods.

In fact, it is not even pro-pacifist. In the preface the author denies that he holds any of the principles of the Quakers toward war, and confesses to intense nationalism for England. So that his book has peculiar force because it is a protest solely against the "cowardly and shameful rigor of the British authorities" toward the Quakers and Tolstoyans during the late war, and his own hatred of despotism in any form, British or other.

Before this book was written, Mr. Begbie wrote a protest called "The Mouse in Chains," which was refused by every British newspaper to which it was submitted. He says, in his preface to this volume:

It occurred to me, meditating on this failure to relieve human suffering, and haunted by the knowledge that men whose shoe-laces I was unworthy to tie, lay at the point of madness and death in our cruel prisons, that it would be some service, however indirect and small, to set forth the antithetical ideals of nationalism and religion in the form of a story. I hoped in this way not only to secure humaner treatment for the realistic Christians in jail, and not only to strike a blow for the reform of our mechanical prison system, but perhaps to feel my way from a nationalism which could not safely be religious to a religion which might preserve the great sanctities of nationalism.

Christopher Sterling is the eldest son of a British banker, who refuses to engage in his father's lifelong quest for money and elects "self-identification with the oppressed." He marries a woman who shares his passion for the people; they live and work in a neighborhood of the oppressed—he never calls them the "poor." And he becomes a Quaker. That is to say, he grows into the conviction that Jesus meant what he said, that "if he should ever become real for mankind it would put everything right," and this because Jesus actually revealed the will of God.

"That," he says to his mother simply, when she goes to him in his flat, "is what has happened to me."

She says: "You don't mean that you accept his teaching literally?"

And he replies: "That's it. That's the revelation. I do."

His mother pleads the best idealism of her development, but this is powerless before his inner light. His answer is always:

"These things are known to those who desire him above everything else."

And in his face was "the appearance of strength, as though his self-distrust had retired before the slowly-assembling forces of his will—his will, or another's, which controlled him."

Then comes 1914 and the war. Christopher's religion is not suspended. He believes exactly as he believed before the war. He says:

I have been reading the newspapers a good deal. In none of them have I discovered the smallest recognition of Christ as an authoritative guide.

And in their humble room above the roofs of London, Christopher and Jane would tell each other, while the world rocked on the battlefields, that there was only one moral principle which would heal humanity of all its wounds: the love principle of the Master whom they worshipped and whom they obeyed.

Christopher says:

Do you remember Tertullian's saying that Christ disarmed humanity in taking away Peter's sword? And isn't it true that these theories of yours have been tried down the centuries, and the result is still—war? My theory strikes you as unreal because it has never been tried. But what is its foundation? Its foundation is the moral law. . . . The moral law says that we are not to be selfish and covetous, that we are not to struggle and jostle for the feeding trough; but it says something more: it says that we are to regard all men as the children of a single Fatherhood, and that we are to labor for the good of the whole. . . . Has my theory ever been tried? On the face of it, isn't it a more reasonable theory than any other? . . . Christ said Resist not evil, and, Love your enemies. Those are his words. They are not counsels of perfection, any more than the commandment against murder is a counsel of perfection. They are to be taken literally. His whole mission was to declare the supremacy of love. And you have Christians in all the belligerent armies. . . .

My argument is that what Europe needs . . . is not a new form of Government, but a new heart, a new spirit. I mean Europe to be saved must believe that these utterances of Christ are axiomatic of rational existence; that he said what he meant; that he revealed to us the will of God. Without this conversion, which alone can give man a transvaluation of values, how can Europe do anything except blunder along the road of hatred and murder and destruction. War can never end war. One power only can pluck out from the heart of man the root-cause of such calamities, and that is the power of Christ. . . .

To this his brothers reply according to their natures and beliefs, which are strongly drawn: James, the youngest, whom Christopher feels to belong by nature to "the spearless army of Christ," and who says quite simply that he does not believe in a God who will act if only we surrender our wills to him, but that we must do things for ourselves. "Christopher is the saint in his cell, I am the policeman in the road outside." Langton, fine and true, the best type of soldier, even though "he wears South African ribbons as though they stood for love and beauty instead of murder and mutilation," and who writes to his mother: "What we have to do is not to judge Christopher, but to *see that our war aims are identical with his peace aims.*" And Arthur, who stays at home and talks patriotism.

Far from being a saint in his cell, Christopher turns to the work done in England by Stephen Hobhouse until he was jained—looking out for the families of the Central Empires whose bread-winners had gone or were interned, and to his critics he says: "A man is not helping the enemy who endeavors to preserve his country's good name for justice and liberalism."

Then comes conscription, and Christopher attaches himself to the No Conscription Fellowship, and his friends pronounce him mad. He stands against the arguments and pleas of his family and class, opposing his belief that Christ meant what he said literally. But he entertained no fear for himself, relying absolutely on the assurances that all who were conscientiously unable to perform military service would be exempted. "When he found that these promises were treated as scraps of paper, he was staggered beyond measure." His own claim on the grounds of conscience was dismissed.

All the time, he and Jane were "living the life."

Not only did they believe in God, but they believed in the providence of God. Not only did they believe in Christ, but they believed in his mystical indwelling in their hearts. Every morning of their lives they read the Bible, prayed together, and remained silent for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN ANTI-WAR ENTENTE.

Noted Internatonalists on Both Sides the Battle Line Unite.

An anti-war association of French, German, Austrian, Hungarian and English persons, who took part in the war, has been organized under the leadership of Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Herzog, and Nicholai. The association, which is known as the Internationalist group Clarite, will organize lecture tours in France and Germany, and publish a weekly bulletin in French and German. The address of the association is P. O. Box 866, Mont Blanc, Geneva, Switzerland.

The manifesto of Clarite is in fifteen points, signed by Anatole France, Henri Barbusse, Norman Angell, Ellen Key, Georg Brandes, Andreas Latzko, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Nicolai, Rabindranath Tagore, Selma Lagerlöf and others. It is as follows:

1. Our social system is wrong. It results in privilege, arbitrary oppression, ruin and assassination.

2. The majority of men have been thus far reduced to slavery, crushed and slaughtered to satisfy the caprice of a few in obedience to traditional superstition. Ignorance has been more powerful than that from which all power is derived. The whole structure of modern society rests on a basis of absurdity.

3. Wrong begets wrong, progress begets progress. What is half wrong will become worse. As long as we do not change EVERYTHING, we change NOTHING.

4. The fundamental principles of a righteous social system are simple. All great thinkers, all great moralists, all the founders of religion have always agreed on those principles. Truth is logical.

5. Power must belong to all, like ideals. Labor alone, manual or mental, is honorable; labor alone should be rewarded. Speculation is a crime against the majority; inheritance is theft.

6. Equality consists in giving to all men exactly the same social opportunities. The class struggle aims at the elimination of classes.

7. No distinction can be drawn between citizens on account of sex differences.

8. To promote one's country's welfare as a step toward altruistic internationalism is a virtue; to make it an end in itself is a crime.

9. Whoever prepares for war paves the way for all wars. Territorial boundaries and commercial boundaries are successive steps in the wrong direction.

10. There are on earth many individual interests, but only one general interest. There are no outsiders anywhere, for logics and ethics are international.

11. The stirring gropings of peoples nowadays are heralding a new era, purer and greater than the Christian era.

12. It is thought which has initiated all progress. It is the duty of thinkers to lend their life to promote the world's advance.

13. Stand-patters are propagandists for things as they are.

14. The political strike is the most efficient form of strike. It constitutes the peaceful revolution, midway between evolution and revolution.

15. Governments bring about revolutions. Counter revolutionists make revolutions bloody. It is the oppressed, not those who struggle for freedom, who are responsible for war, whatever the war may be.

They considered that the most fateful business of the day was contact with other fellow creatures, whom they must either help or harm by their contact; and this contact covered the stranger whom they passed in the street, or the person opposite to whom they might sit in the tram, for they believed with Dostoevsky that a scowling face may damage almost permanently the soul of a child who looks up from its play and shrinks from that frown of anger. Such being their faith, they prepared themselves most solemnly for the commerce of every day, emptying their hearts of all selfishness, meditating upon the infinite love of a heavenly Father. . . . Moreover, they exercised the most scrupulous economy in all that they ate and drank, denied themselves all comforts, and at the end of every week gave away to the sorrowful and suffering the money they had been able to save by their abstinence.

They sent Christopher to jail for refusing military service, for refusing to fight. The remainder of the book is the story of the jail life, endured by thousands in England and America. And it is clear why this careful exposition has been made of the character and belief of Christopher Sterling—to make clear the enormity of jailing men such as he, or those who held his opinions, and lived his life.

They bring to Christopher's mother the pamphlet called "I Appeal Unto Cæsar," written by the mother of Stephen Hobhouse, while her son was in prison; with its introduction by Professor Gilbert Murray, who disclaimed all sympathy with the pacifists and conscientious objectors. That sentence ran: "The main question which concerns our honor as a nation is whether we wish to act like sensible men or like angry fanatics—without any excuse for fanaticism." . . . And she reads:

> I have accounts of one man, an intended missionary, dead in hospital, another dead in a lunatic asylum . . . a third subjected to a well-known form of mediaeval torture—imprisoned in a deep and narrow hole, too small for sitting down, not to speak of lying, with no roof overhead and water at the bottom covered by two planks. However wrong-headed, conceited, self-righteous and unpatriotic the objectors may originally have seemed to us, the long and fruitless and illegal persecution of these men leaves on the coldest observer an impression of some moral heroism on the side of the culprits and some moral and intellectual vileness on the side of the oppressor.

Mrs. Sterling and Jane go to see Christopher and sit in a wire cage, with a warder in the next wire cage, and Christopher in the one beyond—this is the way that they converse with the dangerous character. His father works ceaselessly to persuade the government to keep its honor and its promises regarding the men of whom his son is one, but it is useless. At last, just before Christmas, 1917, Christopher is released from prison and brought home, for the race between death and insanity. Death triumphs.

Whether or not one is justified, one is throughout the book irresistibly reminded of the life and experience of Stephen Hobhouse—from Mr. Hobhouse's own phrase "self-identification with the oppressed," to the jail sentence served by Christopher. . . . Lately I was talking with a man returned from France who, after the amnesty, entered the University of London "to study with Westermarck and Hobhouse," he said. I asked whether this Professor Hobhouse was related to Stephen Hobhouse, and found that it is he himself. Having completed an eighteen month jail sentence, with the same background and experience as Christopher Sterling, Mr. Hobhouse has been received on the faculty of the University of London. I wondered whether this would happen in the United States, and I think that it would not happen.

England having released her political offenders and the United States not having done so, "Christopher Sterling" has rather more of a message for the United States.

ZONA GALE.

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*"The Convictions of Christopher Sterling" by Harold Begbie. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

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